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The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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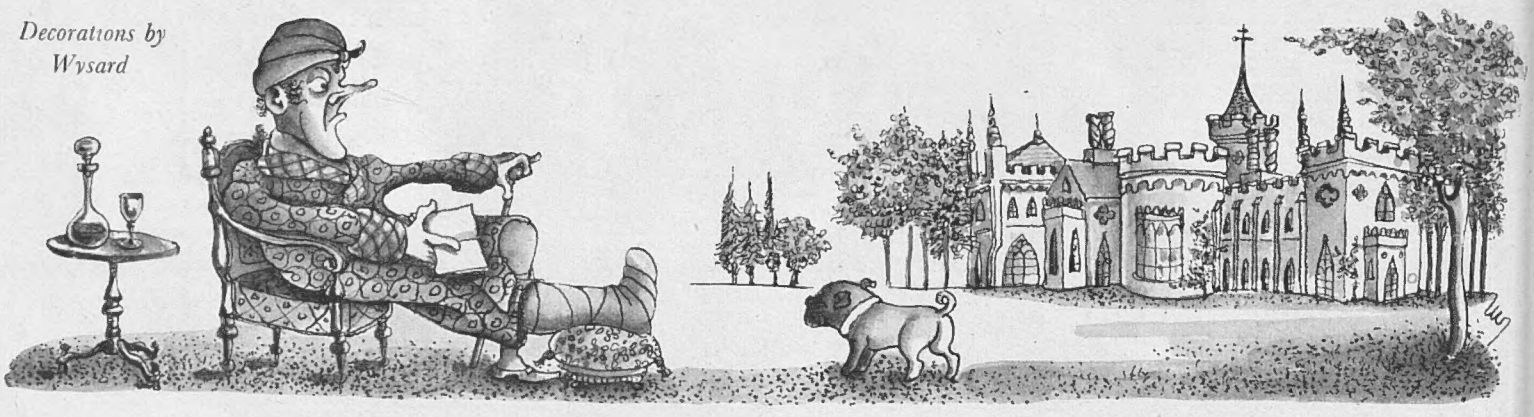


Bertram Park

The Duchess of Portland

The Duchess of Portland is the wife of William Arthur Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, seventh Duke of Portland. She married the present Duke when he was Marquess of Tichfield and was before her marriage the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, daughter of the late Lord Algernon Charles Gordon-Lennox, and was a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra. The Duke of Portland is Lord-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, and was M.P. for the Newark Division of that county from 1922 until he succeeded his father in 1943. They have two daughters, Lady Alexandra Margaret Anne, and Lady Victoria Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck who was a trainbearer to the Queen at the coronation of King George VI. The Duke of Portland's beautiful home, Welbeck Abbey, with its famous underground ballroom, has been occupied by the Army for some time and the family live at Welbeck Woodhouse near by

Decorations by Wysard



Portraits in Print

THE other day in an antique shop I saw a coin cabinet of the eighteenth century that has haunted my imagination through the last days of the old year. I am no numismatist. I once owned a Queen Anne florin, which a taxi-driver gave me for change one dark night. Because it had been minted in the year of Pope's writing *The Rape of the Lock*, I kept it as a talisman, and put it beside me whenever I was losing heavily at poker or *chemin de fer*. The consequence was uniformly disastrous. The florin cost me losses that crippled me for months. No more old coins for me.

No, the cabinet haunts me for another reason. It is in the most extreme, the most spirited Gothic style of Chippendale's day—"Gothistic" as we priggishly call it, to distinguish it from "Gothic Revival" of Victorian times—the movement we have come to associate with Strawberry Hill and with Batty Langley (1696–1751).

Nostalgic Taste

OF course, a taste for the medieval never deserted England for long. In some parts, notably in Oxfordshire, village churches were going up as late as the Civil War in the Gothic manner of two centuries before. Some forty years later Congreve's adorable Millamant could wither the red-faced Sir Wilful with: "Rustick, ruder than Gothick." For the very word "Gothick" possessed in those days the same sort of widely contemptuous, unreasonably pejorative sense that we lend to "reactionary" in this age. Yet within a few years Vanbrugh was topping his Cyclopean palaces with bastions. The change of attitude towards the Middle Ages from one of contempt to one of love was, of course, mixed up with a change in attitude towards Nature. For the Elizabethans and the leisured classes of the Restoration, Nature meant the terraced garden, the park enamelled with flowers where beauties might play the pastoral. Heaths and common land were fit only to be robbers' haunts: the least violence, the least breach of good manners in the landscape set you shivering. John Evelyn was terrified by the sight of Beachy Head, just as Benvenuto Cellini had been terrified by the Alps a century and a half before.

Then came the discourses on Nature of that gentle and somewhat mysterious figure, the third Earl of Shaftesbury (1671–1713), and a taste for crags and cascades brought by the Jesuit missionaries from China. (To this day rocks shaped like mountains in miniature are highly prized by Chinese gardeners.) The young Horace Walpole and the poet Gray set off to philosophize on Alpine passes in the year 1739, and the trick was done.

Architecture Obliges

THE Renaissance had let a dazzling light in everywhere. Perhaps this light flattened the land too drastically. Anyway, now the taste was for precipitous mountains wrapped in mist, for dark unfathomable abysses, where the cry of some lost soul mingled with the torrent's distant roar. An architecture and a furniture quickly evolved to meet this taste. Chippendale was only too ready with his armchairs whose backs were in the shape of rose windows; while Batty Langley and his brother Thomas brought out the most ingenious designs for every sort of architectual detail in the "Gothick" manner.



Beside me as I write lies their title page:

"Gothic Architecture,
Improved by
RULES and PROPORTIONS
In many Grand
DESIGNS
of
Columns, Doors, Windows, Chimney-pieces, Arcades, Colonnades, Porticos, Umbrellos, Temples, and Pavilions, etc.
with
PLANS, ELEVATIONS, and PROFILES.
GEOMETRICALLY EXPLAINED
By B. & T. Langley
London.
1747."

(Alas, that I cannot on a typewriter reproduce the exquisite flourishes and fantasies, half Rococo, half Gothic, in which this title page is set.)

My copy, a first edition, I believe, in the original rather sordid rabbit-coloured boards which so often encased eighteenth-century books before they went to the grand binder, is a capricious creature. For months on end it will vanish from my bookcase, then pop up again just when one has given it over for lost.

It transports one into a world of which our parents could hardly have approved. . . . Indeed, in my childhood, the phrase "Batty Langley Gothic" was about the most insulting term in the collectors' and dealers' vocabulary! How far we have gone from there! If I remember rightly, in Evelyn Waugh's *Put Out More Flags* the sore-tried husband solaces his short, unhappy life by building fantasies after Langley; and I, with I hope less provocation than he had, yet yearn to build one of Mr. Langley's elegant "Umbrellos" on the far side of my minute lake (or large pond). Three steps will lead up to a circle of twelve Gothic columns, supporting a roof shaped very much like a modern umbrella, the whole enriched with Gothic parapet and twelve pineapples.

The Debasement of Gothic

NATURALLY the medieval world that Langley and Walpole and Beckford conjured up bore no more relation to the real thing than did the classic dreams of Flaxman to the Athens of Pericles. One is always the creature of one's age, however much one may live in the past. Langley for instance was so much a man of the Augustan Age that he tried to evolve five Orders of Gothic architecture; while up to the front door of Lacock Abbey (the virtual birthplace of photography) mounts an enchanting Gothic double staircase which is really a baroque design dressed up in armour. Nearby, in the lively park of Corsham, there is a Gothic bath-house by "Capability" Brown which to my eye is one of the prettiest garden-buildings in the kingdom. The men who designed these fancy-dress conceits may not have known one-tenth of what Sir Gilbert Scott a century later knew about medieval architecture; but they certainly possessed a natural sense of elegance which was almost entirely denied to the worthy medievalists of Queen Victoria's time.

Incidentally, the notice on Sir Gilbert Scott enshrines one of the very few scraps of really catty writing to which the *Encyclopedia Britannica* falls guilty. Generally it observes an impartiality utterly Olympian. But in its judgment on Scott it allows a trace of emotion

to peep through—emotion which is entirely to my taste. I quote (from the admirable Eleventh Edition):

"Scott, Sir George Gilbert (1811–1878), English architect, was born at Gawcott near Buckingham, where his father was rector; his grandfather, Thomas Scott (1747–1821), was a well-known commentator on the Bible. In 1827, young Scott was apprenticed to an architect in London named Edmeston. . . . In Edmeston's office he became acquainted with W. B. Moffat . . . and the two entered into partnership. In 1834 they were appointed architects to the union workhouse of Buckinghamshire, and for four years were busily occupied in building a number of cheap and ugly unions, both there and in Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire. . . ." The notice goes on to describe how Scott became bitten with the Gothic bug, then lets drop this pearl of malice:

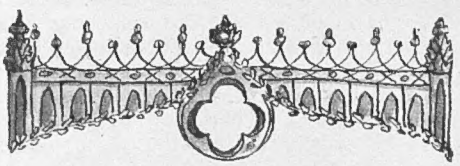
"From that time Scott became the chief ecclesiastical architect in England, and in the next twenty-eight years completed a large number of new churches and 'restorations,' the fever for which was fomented by the Ecclesiological Society and the growth of ecclesiastical feeling in England. . . ."

How much would I not have given to be present at the famous interview between Palmerston and Scott, when the Prime Minister insisted that the new Foreign Office must be not in Scott's darling Gothic, but in Classic or Renaissance. . . .

The Gothic storm has passed over and vanished, leaving us with a taste much more sordid, the taste for road-house Tudor, and for the magic casement opening on the Surrey Hills. The distant echoes of the Wurlitzer almost spoil for us the *Ode to the Nightingale*; but Keats's most thorough excursion into the Gothic mood still astonishes and enchants us:

"St. Agnes Eve! Ah! Bitter chill it was.
"The owl for all his feathers was a-cold."

Who can ever spoil the magic there—not even that exasperating archaism with which the second line ends. And I can never read



the description of the tapestry moving in the wind, and the gleaming quince without my whole reason and being growing enslaved to the magic of this poem.

The Miners

WE also, for all our feathers, look like being a-cold these next few months. It is no good blaming the fuel shortage on absenteeism. It is natural enough that this moment both of demobilization and nationalization should induce a mood of relaxation among the miners. I come of coal-owning stock, and I can honestly say that were I put to work at the coal-face in the average conditions prevailing up in the north-eastern fields at any rate, no considerations of national security would keep me a moment longer at work than was needful for my economic needs and my modest pleasures.

But where I do think the miners are at fault is in their stubborn refusal (which may have been reversed by the time these words appear) to agree to the employment of Polish labour in the pits. I wonder how the miners will like the new state of things with nothing between them and Government—and, what is more, a Government of their own choice? Against whom will they be able now to grumble?

Simon Harcourt-Smith



Mrs. Charles Peake, wife of H.B.M. Ambassador in Belgrade

At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S

SWINBURNE'S words, "Fate is a sea without a foreshore," repeat themselves as I glance at the New Year message over the fireplace from the former Chinese Ambassador in London, monosyllabic, quizzical, poet Dr. Quo tai-chi, who left us to become China's Foreign Minister. Now Chinese representative on the Security Council of United Nations, he sends from New York to his friends a welcome card, with one word, "Tranquillity."

In London Quo (that is the surname) used frequently to see at receptions, but not to acknowledge, an old diplomatic colleague, the Japanese Ambassador, Mamoru Shigemitsu, clever poet, caricaturist, watcher of the skies, authority on roses. Quo and Shigemitsu had met many years previously as armistice delegates in Shanghai. In London they were enemies, for the Japanese were at war with China, thanks to what they euphemistically termed the China "incident."

As I study the message, I listen to a noted American barrister, for he is telling me details of the fate in Tokyo prison, in a cell with two blankets, of Shigemitsu, who is undergoing trial as an alleged war criminal. The American is his counsel.

Shigemitsu, as Foreign Minister, swallowed Japan's humiliation and signed her surrender on board the U.S. cruiser *Missouri*. It seems that notable Americans and Britons, who knew Shigemitsu when he was almost at the height of his power in London and Tokyo, have offered to give evidence about his moderation and love of peace.

I wonder whether Mr. Winston Churchill will provide details of their talks in 1940, during the painful moments when under duress we had to close the Burma Road, and later, when we learnt officially of that new monster the Tripartite Pact, the link between Berlin, Rome and Tokyo.

SECOND youngest Ambassador in the British diplomatic service is Mr. Charles Brinsley Pemberton Peake, C.M.G., holder of the delicate diplomatic post, in Belgrade, for 600 years the most colourful capital at the junction of sanguinary Sava and dilettante Danube. It was Peake who had to hand over to Albania's envoy in the Jugoslav capital the note about the mines near Corfu, for we have not yet a British diplomatic mission in Tirana. Best-dressed among our modern Ambassadors, Peake is tall, square-shouldered, startlingly handsome, keeps nine books in English or French on Modern Scriptures in his bedroom, "goes down" well with Marshal Josip Broz-Tito. (So Tito assured me.)

Son of a Leicester physician, Peake left Wyggeston School to become a private in the Leicester Yeomanry and ended the first World War by commanding the battalion. After Magdalene College, he served in Sofia and Tokyo, Berne and Paris; enjoyed the affection of diplomatists and diplomatic correspondents as News Division head of the Foreign Office, lost a heavy bet in Geneva in 1939 during a League session. Thence to Washington, as Lord Halifax's assistant at the Embassy; to London, as liaison officer between Mr. Churchill and mercurial, proud General de Gaulle; to Tangier, to speak bluntly to Spaniards, who listened promptly.

Peake sang Partisan songs when visiting Youth Railway volunteers recently, danced Kolo with them, startled Dr. I. Rybar, President of the Jugoslav Presidium, by replying to a formal speech during the ceremony of delivery of Letters of Credence—in Serbocroat.

FOR European and world peace a similarly important post is held at St. James's by Jugoslavia's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Dr. Ljubo Leontic, who has just returned from Paris and New York conferences, relieving likeable Slovene Charge d'Affaires, Dr. Franc Kos.

Leontic speaks with Peake's affection for the meaning of words, slowly, courteously. History student of Zagreb University, and also graduate of Prague in the philosophy of art, Leontic knows what suffering means, for he was exiled by Italians from Split, his native town on the Adriatic, to the hell-island of Lipari, and travelled eight days bound in chains to other Jugoslav patriots. After the Partisan assembly during the war had issued certain directions, Leontic left the tunnel hall at Jaice, walked over a month through mountain passes, eluding Italians, Germans and quislings, to reach the coast with a vital message. But in his deep brown eyes there is no bitterness, only a democrat's patience, and a desire to bridge the chasm between London and Belgrade.

George Bilainkin.

Vanessa Reginald.

At The Pictures

Those Ten Best



Arthur Sinclair as Morty Donovan in the film of Daphne du Maurier's "Hungry Hill": a photograph taken while the company was on location in Ireland

LOOKING through everybody's Best Ten Films for 1946 I am driven to the conclusion that I must have been shockingly lazy. All my colleagues appear to have seen every picture that has been shown, and I can only account for their not being reduced to gibbering lunacy by the fact that they don't, in addition to goggling at all the films, have to witness all the new plays.

AND here I think it proper that, in fairness to the film industry or art, I should make a confession. This is the, to me, impermanence of a picture. If it is really bad, I forget it in the act of diving for my hat. If it is middling, I forget it on the way home. It has to be a good film if I am to remember it for, say a week, and a very good one if it is to remain permanently on tap, as it were, in my mind. In this business, then, of selecting the ten best films I shall be guided by those I can remember without reference to back numbers of the *Tatler*.

ONE. *Scarlet Street.* Beautifully directed by Fritz Lang. Edward G. Robinson gave a magnificent performance in this film in which Dan Duryea at last had a part worthy of him. I remember, too, very much liking Joan Bennett who presented a slut as a slut and not as a beglamoured ninny.

Two. *The Captive Heart.* The pathos, the humour, the sincerities of this film did not, in themselves, make a story, and indeed, were most effective when shown as background, though actually they were the film. Whence it followed that some story had to be invented, and it seemed to me that this one served as well as another. I never liked Michael Redgrave better or so much, and particularly admired the modest way in which he comported himself as a hero whom nobody really wanted.

But all the playing in this film was superb. I have not forgotten the performances of Basil Radford, Mervyn Johns, Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley and, most moving of all, Gordon Jackson. I agree that the part was handed to this last on a silver platter.

THREE. *Le Roi s'amuse.* I have had an interesting letter from Delhi about my notice of this film which shows that I am wrong in thinking that the *Tatler's* vogue is entirely confined to the West End's hairdressers' shops for women. My unknown friend writes:—

"You mention Victor Francen's lovely performance. If you had seen André Lefebvre play the king on the stage in Paris you would realize that, fine actor as Francen is, he plays the king all wrong in the film and ruins the story's foundations. Francen makes him out a romantic hero. This is not the king imagined by Caillavet and Flers and played by Lefebvre.

"The king is a *bon viveur*, just past his prime, a perfect gentleman in the sense of one who observes the conventions of good French society of Edwardian times, i.e. he never fails to get into bed when occasion offers. One day the king takes from a lady's mantelpiece a photograph, expecting it to be his. When he sees that it is not, he exclaims with the ready understanding and good humour that mark the great gentleman on such occasions, '*Ah! Mon cousin d'Angleterre!*' and he looks at her mischievously.

"The play was at the height of its success at the time of Edward VII's official visit to Paris to seal the *Entente Cordiale*. There were naturally people who saw to it that Edward was informed of the play and of this line. Edward sent word that he was coming to see it and he added that he wished no cuts to be made. The theatre was packed and when the stage king reached his cue, took the photo and exclaimed, '*Ah! Mon cousin d'Angleterre!*', Edward VII did more to win the hearts of the Parisian public than anything in his official programme by his obvious enjoyment of the situation. The audience's shouts of laughter at the line mingled with thunders of applause directed at both the king on the stage and in the box."

FOUR. Lubitsch's *Cluny Brown.* I am aware that all the critics were strongly against me on this point. *Je m'en fiche.* Five. *Theirs is the Glory.* Six. *The Kid from Brooklyn.* Half this film, which is still running, is sheer nonsense. The other half is, to me, delicious fooling. Seven. *Le Bois Sacré.* Eight. *La Cage aux Rossignols.* Nine. *Symphonie Fantastique.* Ten. *Fric-Frac.*

I DON'T invite anybody to agree with me in this list. I don't want or unwant them to agree with me. The pictures chosen satisfy the only two standards I know anything about. First standard. They seem to me to be films which have come closest to achieving what they set out to do, and therefore in my mind are to be preferred to more ambitious pieces which have not lived up to their pretensions. Second standard. They are the ten films which I should be most willing to sit through again.

ON the whole I think I notice an improvement in the quality of British films, though, of course, what I am remarking may only be the falling-off in Hollywood's pictures. It seems to me to be pointless to say that British pictures are still immeasurably beneath French standards. What is the point is that, considering the paucity of material and the lack of talent for film acting, this country should have done as well as it has.



***Margaret Lockwood** who plays Fanny Rosa in "Hungry Hill." She is wearing one of the many beautiful dresses designed for her by Mrs. Eleanor Abbey*

I can only hope that not many of our neighbours go to see our pictures. To ask a Frenchman to spend a couple of hours looking at noodles X and Y and ninnies P and Q is like making claret out of rhubarb and asking him what he thinks of the British Château Stoke Newington.



Russell Sedgwick

In "The Man from the Ministry"

Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason are the stars in this amusing comedy dealing with an extremely topical situation—the housing shortage. This play was originally produced by the Sunday Services Society last July, and Clifford Mollison has since joined the cast in the leading part of Sergeant Henry Brown. In a play where the subject abounds with red tape and technicalities the author appears to have the obvious advantage of inside information. She is in private life the wife of Lord Clanmorris's son and heir. Clifford Mollison's last West End appearance was in the musical show *Can-Can*, while during the war he served in H.M. Forces

THEATRE GUIDE

In brief -

Straight Plays

And No Birds Sing (Aldwych). A comedy with Elizabeth Allan playing a woman doctor with very progressive ideas and Harold Warrender as the man who loves her in spite of them.

Grand National Night (Apollo). Leslie Banks is a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, and Hermione Baddeley is in dual character roles. Good acting in a well-knit play.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message for Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans and Athene Seyler, in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

But For The Grace Of God (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

The Shop At Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Good thriller with a surprise ending and some first-rate character acting from Arthur Young.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

The Poltergeist (Vaudeville). Comedy thriller. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

The Man From The Ministry (Comedy). A comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

Antony and Cleopatra (Piccadilly). Shakespeare's tragedy, with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

With Music

Pacific, 1860 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

Song of Norway (Palace). Operetta on the life and music of Grieg; not authentic but colourful. Fine singing by John Hargreaves, Janet Hamilton-Smith and others.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters.

The Shephard Show (Princess). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

Christmas Shows

Red Riding Hood (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox.

Mother Goose (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

Sim-Sala-Bim (Garrick). Dante in magic wonder revue.

Peter Pan (Scala). Mary Morris as Peter, Alastair Sim as Captain Hook.

Hey Presto (Westminster). Jasper Maskelyne in magic old and new, with Robert Harbin.

The Wizard of Oz (Winter Garden), with Raymond Lovell, Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham, Ruth Naylor and Prudence Hyman.

Treasure Island (Whitehall).

Land of the Xmas Stocking (Duke of York's).

Drake's Drum (Embassy).



***Mrs. Hubbard (Jimmy Nervo)** armed with the bad egg that makes the famous hot dog in "Little Red Riding Hood"*





***"Little Red Riding Hood" at the Adelphi.** Simple Simon is, strangely enough, Mother Hubbard's affinity, being better known as Teddy Knox. (Right) Prince Clarion (Noele Gordon) and Blondilocks (Janet Brown) the romantic swain and his adoring sweetheart*

The

CHRISTMAS this year, but for its warm and happy afterglow in the theatre, might have seemed to tightly rationed children an affair of a few hectic hours—a sudden ecstatic surfeit followed by the hangover they are not yet old enough to accept philosophically. Now that parties are the deuce to feed adequately it is the theatre which must prolong the day or two of feasting into what may decently be called a season. The professional trustees of Christmas have done a stout job of work.

Elders may lament the departed glories of Drury Lane, Covent Garden and the Lyceum. They are unlikely to depress the youngster who is offered his choice of what is going. The choice should present itself to him as a topless ladder. There is nothing outstanding. It is only a question of getting on to the rung which suits his age.

IF he is very young and must have pantomime *Mother Goose* at the Casino is his proper perch. It is slightly more juvenile in appeal than *Red Riding Hood* at the Adelphi. Mr. Nat Mills, a Mother Goose afflicted by the most addle-pated of dairymaids (Bobbie), the Brothers O'Gorman and Mr. Stanley Holloway, work beautifully together for the benefit of those who are turning ten, and the bolder spirits may even find themselves on the stage itself, while Miss Celia Lipton and Miss Roberta Huby cleverly tune down their natural enchantment to the same public. The scenery is handsome and neatly handled. There are no waits and very few long scenes.

Red Riding Hood is one rung higher in the ladder. It is the pantomime of which we often hear and seldom encounter—the one that appeals to children of every age. It is almost equally strong in knockabout and in spectacle. Nervo and Knox lead the knock-about with practised ease, Miss Noele Gordon the romantics with a more martial air than is usual in Principal Boys, and the pink and silvery scenery is really pretty.

Somewhere between pantomime and play comes *The Wizard of Oz*, and children old enough to prefer something new and never done before need not hesitate to make the

Theatre

Winter Garden Theatre the rung of their choice.

This fairy tale from the New World has been very successfully adapted to the stage by Miss Janet Green, and she is fortunate in her players. The part of Billy, the man of straw, might have been made for Mr. Walter Crisham, and Mr. Fred Kitchen, junior, and Mr. Claude Hulbert are also extremely well suited as the tin man and the wanly timorous lion. Mr. Raymond Lovell amuses himself—and everyone else—with his slyly theatrical burlesque of the Wizard, and the bad witch of Miss Ellen Pollock is another of the production's strong points. It is Mr. Basil Dean's production and has very few weak points.

ONLY a rung just above (or below) the Winter Garden is the Lyric at Hammersmith, where for delectation of children with less robust tastes in entertainment the Young Vic Company have staged an adaptation of *Il Re Cervo* by Carlo Gozzi, the Venetian rival of Goldoni. There is magic in *The King Stag*, too, but not such as the Wizard of Oz would recognize. It is nevertheless charmingly subtle magic, with agreeable music by Mr. Francis Chagrin and a pretty setting by Motley. The characters are those of the traditional Comedy of Masks, and it is not always easy to be sure which is which, for the magic works wonders with personality itself, but the piece is charmingly acted, especially by Mr. John Byron as the victorious monarch, and will give much pleasure to the discriminating child.

WHERE the topless ladder disappears from view stand *Treasure Island* and *Peter Pan*. All that need be said of these is that Mr. Harry Welchman at the Whitehall is Long John Silver—magnificently genial, sanctimonious and picturesque; and that at the Scala Miss Mary Morris is the new Peter, more sprite-like than most of the old, and Mr. Alastair Sim is once more suitably alarming as the Old Etonian pirate. Both pieces are faithfully presented.

No, the child who has found his proper place on this ladder, and perhaps tried one or two others, is not likely to cry for the vanished Christmas glory of Drury Lane.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by Tom Titt

. . . *"Christmas Afterglow"*



"Mother Goose" at the Casino. *Bobbie as Tulip, a perfect dairymaid, something minute in the size of clowns (Norman McGlynne), Nat Mills himself as Mother Goose and Celia Lipton as Colin, a dashing principal boy*

BACKSTAGE

with

Beaumont Kent.

UNDISMAYED by the short run of *Big Ben*, C. B. Cochran is busy on his plans for the A. P. Herbert-Vivian Ellis operetta *Bless the Bride*, due at the Adelphi in April, with a possible preliminary week in Manchester.

His recent visit to Paris with composer Ellis in search of a French leading man was successful, though C. B. cautiously refrains from disclosing his name. All that he would say was: "He is about thirty, very handsome, is a great singer, with a volcanic temperament and has become very well known in France during the past fifteen months." That is enough to whet curiosity.

During his quest, C. B. cast a critical eye over more than fifty artists. "The French musical stage," he told me, "is full of talent, but as far as musical plays are concerned it has ceased to be creative. There are too many difficulties in the way of new productions; besides, in any case, the expense is too great. So they rely upon the old favourite works of such composers as Offenbach, Audran, and Lecocq, with productions drawn from stock."

I asked him if any of the popular French operettas would be worth reviving here. "Not until they are provided with completely new books," he said. "The present ones are completely old-fashioned, but the French reverence them as we do the works of W. S. Gilbert."

MADELEINE BINGHAM who wrote *The Man from the Ministry* at the Comedy, the play which amusingly satirizes bureaucracy, knows something about the habits and methods of Whitehall officialdom, for she worked at the War Office from 1940-1942 and until she turned to the domestic duties entailed by a son of nine and a daughter of five.

She is the wife of the Hon. John Bingham, Lord Clanmorris's heir, who is serving in the Intelligence branch in Germany and who, as a prewar journalist, shares her literary proclivities.

Mrs. Bingham is a pretty brunette, and says she finds plays much easier than any other form of writing. *The Man from the Ministry* is the first play she has had produced but she has others in hand.

THE enterprising Embassy Theatre which supplied so many successes for transfer to the West End during 1946 has an ambitious programme for 1947.

Next month will see Ian Hay's biographical study of Harriet Beecher Stowe, authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, provisionally entitled *Let My People Go*, in which the part of Harriet will be played by Mary Ellis in a cast of forty-five characters.

Other productions to follow include Paul Vincent Carroll's *The White Steed*, John Van Druten's *Mermaids Singing* (which was produced in New York in 1945), and a new play by R. F. Delderfield who wrote *Worm's Eye View*.

WHEN the English Arts Theatre company, headed by Alec Clunes, Fay Compton and Jack Hawkins returns to London next month, after having travelled 6,000 miles since last September, its productions will have been seen by over 60,000 people in France, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Switzerland and Italy.

No one anticipated that this enterprise, backed by the British Council, would achieve the success that has followed it everywhere. At the Hague, I am told, a hundred people waited all night in a freezing temperature in order to see Clunes's Hamlet. Milan, Florence and Zurich will be among the last cities visited.

After a provincial tour in England the company is to have a season at a West End theatre. This new enterprise, however, does not mean that Alec Clunes has severed his interest in the Arts Theatre Club, where he has done such interesting work during the past few years.

LESLIE HENSON has been resting after a long tour with the revival of *The Sport of Kings*. This may be done in the West End, but I should like to see him in revue or musical comedy again, for in such frivolities he has few equals.

He was non-committal when I tackled him on the subject but I gather he has something of the sort in mind among his future plans.



SELF-PROFILE

Glynis Johns

by Glynis Johns

SOME ten years ago a small, wide blue-eyed girl of twelve sailed in through the big gates at Denham Studios, whither she had been summoned to make a test for a part in the film *South Riding*. It was her first experience of "The Films" and was she excited at the prospect? Was she breathless at the immensity of the place, at the proximity to actors and actresses and all the rest of it?

She was not.

To begin with, in her own opinion she was already an actress, for she was then appearing in her second play: *Judgment Day*. Furthermore, she had lived all her life in the atmosphere of the theatre, for on her mother's side her family had been stage folk for no less than four generations, and her father was long established as a busy actor. So far from being excited and overawed, the small girl approached the entire experience as one descending from the lofty heights of the theatre, where one really had to act, to the lower level of the film where, so she had heard, they even put the make-up on for you and where, merely as an interruption of the eating of tea and buns, you said a couple of lines in front of a camera now and then.

Indeed, had it not been for the extraordinary salary they seemed anxious to pay you for this sort of thing, it is doubtful if the small girl would ever have bothered about it, for she was most ambitious. She wanted, above all, to become a good actress. To her, there was only one place where that could be achieved: the stage.

But she was ready to try anything once, and there was the important consideration that easy money did not come one's way every day. So that small girl did the test; got the part.

CURIOUSLY enough, things did turn out more or less as she thought they would. They did put the make-up on for you, and very often there were only a couple of lines to be said before the camera. Indeed, sometimes there weren't any lines at all; one simply walked, or turned one's head, or just looked and laughed while somebody else did the talking. The tea and buns were there too, as were also the long waits in which to consume them, and there was more money than she had ever dreamed of earning.

But—and that "*but*" ought to be printed in letters a foot high—*it was definitely not easy money*. It dawned on her in one compelling flash of enlightenment that so far from being given big money for little effort, she was going to earn it by waging unending warfare against two almighty enemies—camera and microphone; two inexorable devils who followed you about everywhere, never left you on the set, who picked up every tremor of an eyelid, every fine or false emotion, every wrong inflection of the voice, magnified them a hundredfold, and triumphantly produced them with unbelievable and fiendish efficiency—until one could scream with terror at being confounded by one's own follies.

CAMERA and microphone are only the two principal enemies. They have a number of efficient partners. Think, for example, of the wait between rehearsal of a scene and the actual shooting. You work yourself up to the correct pitch and mood for a big dramatic scene, and the director says that it's fine, and he'll shoot it. Immediately the make-up artist comes and mends your face; the hairdresser has a final go at your hair; the camera man puts final touches to his lighting; and with the passing minutes the intensity of the big scene dies within you. . . .

The score of details of movement, expression, inflection—just how high the hand must be raised here, how slowly the head must be turned there, how many and how short the steps you must take in this or that direction, just how much stress on this line, that word, and so on and so on—these things slip away from your memory, until you wait and worry and worry and wait.

As if all this were not enough, the scene you have to play may be something like this: you are leaning against a door which you have just slammed, reacting powerfully to the big dramatic scene you have just played in the room you have just left—on the screen; *but which you actually left on the floor a fortnight ago! You see what I mean?*

I could elaborate indefinitely; but this will explain what I regard as living and learning. . . . I have played in eleven films altogether, and in every one of them nobody could have received more help from director and fellow-artistes than I have. The directors I have worked under have been, without exception, outstanding at their jobs; I have had endless opportunities of watching brilliant and experienced artistes. Eric Portman, for instance, in the film *49th Parallel*, in which I took over the part originally planned for Elizabeth Bergner; how he helped me. And how he had me laugh at myself and my own mistakes—very often by making me laugh at him! Robert Donat in the *Adventures of Tartu* and again in *Perfect Strangers*. He it was, incidentally, who taught me how to overcome the snags inseparable from the way in which films must be shot out of sequence.

Perfect Strangers was a picture into which I went with deep misgivings that I was miscast. How little I knew about it—for, thanks to the cleverness of the director, and the patience and kindness of my fellow artistes, it turned out to be the most effective thing I have ever done until I played in *This Man is Mine*, earlier this year. I still go hot and cold when I recall the way in which I grumbled to Deborah Kerr, and how marvellously kind and patient she was with me.

THERE are very many more people I could mention, but there is space for only one, and he I must not omit: my father, Mervyn Johns. To me he has always been, and still is, the most brilliant actor of his kind on the English stage.

Whatever I am as an actress I owe almost entirely to him; whatever I am not, and might have been, has nothing to do with the quality and wisdom of his teaching. It takes more than a mæstro to make an artiste, but I hope he feels the daughter born to him two decades ago in South Africa has inherited some of his histrionic power.

I found his background of experience most useful when, earlier in the year, I was making *This Man is Mine*, the new Columbia-British comedy. His many helpful remarks and suggestions about the part brought home to me very vividly the manner in which Millie should be portrayed and I hope you liked the picture as much as I enjoyed the opportunity of being glamorized by a British unit with a fresh and vital point of view. Soon now I am going to commence work on my new film—*Frieda*. A new part, a new beginning—for this is what every fresh assignment has come to mean to me: an acting renascence.

ONCE more there will be the long waits, the score of details of movement, expression, inflection, the two old enemies camera and microphone as powerful and relentless as ever, and—yes, even the tea and buns. While in the middle of it all will be the little girl of ten years ago—not she who strode so confidently through the gates of Denham, but she who, after first seeing herself on the screen, walked out of the comforting concealing darkness of the theatre into the dazzling realization that she was up against the most exasperating, the most difficult, the most fascinating problem with which she had ever been confronted, and that if ever she was to come anywhere near solving it, she must get down to it and learn and learn and learn. . . .

Which, I think, is where I came in.



GLYNIS JOHNS

Glynis Johns, who was born at Durban, South Africa, and educated in London, is one of the most promising young actresses in English films. She made her first London appearance at the age of twelve in *Buckie's Bears* at the Garrick, which was succeeded by parts in such plays as *A Kiss for Cinderella* and *Quiet Wedding*. Her earlier films included *South Riding*, *Prison Without Bars* and *On the Night of the Fire*, but it was her performance in the wartime film of escaped German prisoners in Canada, *49th Parallel*, that brought her to the attention of a wide public as an actress to be watched. Since then she has steadily consolidated her reputation with a series of distinguished performances. Her father, Mervyn Johns, is also a stage and screen actor of high achievement

Christmas Ball a

In Aid of the Princess Louis



Guards officers (and another) struck the keynote by appearing as Santa Claus. They were Capt. M. Turner-Bridger, Capt. M. Ackroyd, Able Seaman John Rhodes, Capt. P. Letcher, Lt. Barry Biemans, Lt. R. W. Krefting



Viscount and Viscountess Dangan. The Viscountess was chairman of the ball

Children's Party at Ciro's



Awe and delight are written on the face of Romilly Child, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Child, as she watches the magician



Brother and sister share an amusing confidence. Richard and Loretta, children of W/Cdr. and Mrs. J. R. Robinson. W/Cdr. Robinson is M.P. for Blackpool South



Hats were of every shape and colour, and the Hon. Edward Cust, son of Lord and Lady Brownlow, wore his with a swagger



The higher you can get to see the clown the better, a sentiment heartily echoed by Caroline MacColl and Peter Sawyer

the Dorchester

Kensington Hospital for Children



Miss D. Jubb and Lt. Barry Biemans, who helped in the organising



Miss Joan Tyrell-Patterson, Capt. Reginald Burton, Mrs. Mosley-Leigh and Mr. W. Loyd were a happy party at this very successful function



The crowd is (as usual) thickest and most entranced where the vigorous and immemorial drama of Punch and Judy is being played



Fayer

***Mrs. Eustace Arthur Goschen Balfour** is the wife of Captain E. A. G. Balfour, Scots Guards. She is the daughter of the late Major and Mrs. Victor Yule, and her husband is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Balfour*



***The Hon. Mrs. Desmond Chichester** is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Montague Ravenhill. Her husband, Major the Hon. Desmond Chichester, is the younger son of Lord and Lady Templemore*



Harlip

***Mrs. Mark Frederic Strutt** is the daughter of Sir Thomas Berney, Bt., and of Mrs. E. Dorman-Smith. Her husband is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Strutt, of the Wick, Hatfield Peverel, Essex. They were married in November*

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

AFTER their Christmas holiday at Sandringham, Their Majesties and the Princesses plan to return to Buckingham Palace in the middle of this month—an alteration of Royal schedule necessitated, of course, by the imminence of Their Majesties' departure for South Africa. Both the King and Queen and also the Princesses will have their time fully occupied with farewell visits to various private friends, as well as attendance at "Bon voyage" functions, and general last preparations for the voyage.

ROYAL PLANS

The Royal departure from London and from Portsmouth will be in semi-state, as was the case when the King and Queen left for Canada in 1939. Just before he leaves, the King will issue Letters Patent under the Great Seal appointing the Councillors of State who, headed by the Duke of Gloucester, will carry out the Royal powers during His Majesty's absence from the realm, and it is his hope to spend two or three days with his brother beforehand. It is to have this talk of major importance that the Duke is leaving Australia by air in a few days from now (January 15).

THE reopening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, after seven years, with a new Noel Coward "musical," was a long-anticipated event. Over 20,000 people applied for first-night tickets! The lucky ones were not the smart clique of pre-war Noel Coward openings, but people from every walk of life. There were more white ties worn by the men than at any function I have been to for years, and here and there I noticed a silk top-hat, a relic of bygone days at this famous theatre. The women, too, dressed up for the occasion, although the very wet and cold night damped the ardours of some. Mr. Noel Coward, also wearing a white tie, watched this lovely musical romance from a box with his mother and Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, who was responsible for the décor, which is enchanting.

DRURY LANE REOPENS

Early arrivals at the theatre were the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon, who were talking to Mrs. Charles Hope Lumley, who looked very chic with a blue fox coat over her evening dress. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden brought their Etonian son Nicholas, who is now taller than his father. The Edens left the following week for New York in the Queen Elizabeth on their way to the West Indies. In the interval they were chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Aneurin Bevan. The Minister for Health was one of the few exceptions in the dress line, and wore a day suit with a bright blue shirt, but his wife, better known in "The House" as Miss Jenny Lee, was in full evening dress—a long gold lamé dress, with which she wore a voluminous black cape with an emerald-green chiffon scarf.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dwight Whitney brought Mrs. Whitney's little auburn-haired daughter Anna Massey, who wore a long, pale-blue satin dress under a little white fur coat, and thoroughly enjoyed the show.

Joyce Grenfell, wearing her hair brushed up, carried an original black-and-white check umbrella with her evening dress as a precaution against the inclement weather, while Bee Lillie wore green fur-lined boots with her evening dress. Diana Wynyard, looking very glamorous in black velvet and ermine, was escorted by her film-producer husband, Carol Reed, who has recently returned from the States, and in the interval I met them talking to John Mills and his wife. Others I saw were Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, and Tony Havelock-Allen with his wife, Valerie Hobson.

The play, which is quite lovely, and Mary Martin, the fascinating leading lady, had a wonderful reception, and at the end Noel Coward went on the stage and made a speech, thanking everyone in his inimitable way.

Miss Beryl Sleigh, the attractive young concert singer who was blinded in the blitz, was in the stalls with a party of friends. She recently gave a very successful concert in London. She has a lovely voice and is now making singing her career.

THE Swiss Minister and Mme. Ruegger gave a charming cocktail-party in their suite at the Dorchester, where they entertained over 200 guests. Mme. Ruegger, who is one of the most popular hostesses in the Diplomatic Corps, looked elegant in a lovely shade of blue, which suited her admirably. Her lovely daughter, Baroness du Four, was helping to entertain the guests, who included many diplomatists, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton (the Duchess in a mink coat and hat), Mary Countess Howe, the Earl and Countess of Onslow, and the High Commissioner for India and Lady Runganadhan, with their beautiful daughter, who was wearing a magnificent violet sari. The Lady Mayoress was there, accompanied by her daughter Mrs. Lascelles Carr, and Mrs. Pilcher was accompanied by her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Graham Lampson, who was telling friends that she had good news of her father-in-law, Lord Killearn, who was operated on for appendicitis in the Johore hospital recently.

MADAME PAUL RUEGGER AT HOME

Mrs. Carr was at the party with her husband, Brig. W. Carr, and her daughter, the Marchioness of Lothian, who was escorted by the Marquess.

Others there were the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Earl Haig, the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong, the Marchioness of Ormonde, Mrs. R. A. Butler, Lord and Lady Nathan, the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, Maître Ernest Ansermet, the Swiss conductor, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe-Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Dingle Foot, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ellis-Rees and Sir Percy Loraine, who was our Ambassador in Rome when the Swiss Minister and Mme. Ruegger were at the Swiss Legation in Rome in 1939.

A few days previously M. and Mme. Paul Ruegger had given two luncheon-parties, one in honour of Her Majesty Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, when their guests included the Marquess of Carisbrooke, M. Gregoire Gafenco, Viscount and Viscountess Camrose and Lady Lowther. At the other luncheon-party the guests included the Belgian Ambassador and Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi, Helen Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, Count Larish, M. Hunziker and Lord Derwent.

LADY TICHBORNE was chairman, with Lady Irene Astor and Lady Prudence Loudon as vice-chairmen, of a very successful dance at the Savoy in aid of that splendid cause, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

LIFEBOAT DANCE

During the war the lifeboats rescued 6376 lives from ships and aeroplanes. The dangers of the war are over, but the dangers of the sea remain, and lifeboatmen carry on rendering the greatest of all service, that of saving life.

There were many "young marrieds" at this dance, and a smattering of débutantes, which gave the occasion the air of a private dance rather than the usual charity dance. There were many big parties, all the women were exceptionally well turned out, and everyone seemed to

know each other. Lady Tichborne had a party, and Lady Sylvia Combe and Lady Sherwood had a joint party of sixteen. Mrs. Bertram Abel-Smith, the hard-working chairman of the Central London Women's Committee of the R.N.L.I., had a party, and so did the Hon. Arthur and Lady Lorna Howard, the Marquess and Marchioness of Camden, Mrs. Alfred Bossom, Mr. Bailey, the Hon. Mrs. Aldridge, Lady Pigott-Brown and Lord and Lady Dillon. Viscountess Mountbatten, looking charming in black, I saw sitting at a table with Earl and Countess Howe. Lady Louis later presented the prizes for the lucky programmes.

Among the dancers I noticed Lady Harcourt, very pretty in dark blue, dancing with her husband, Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington dancing with Mr. Charles Sweeny, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer waltzing together, Miss Susan Warren-Pearl partnering Mr. George Littlejohn-Cook, and Mr. Derek Parker-Bowles dancing with his sister-in-law, Miss Catherine de Trafford. Others at this very good dance were Mrs. Michael Astor, Earl Haig, the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, Mrs. Parker-Bowles and her sister, Miss Violet de Trafford, Viscountess Cowdray, Mr. Simon Combe, Miss Mary Bailey Savile, Mr. Henry Lenanton, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Capt. Gavin Astor, newly-married Major and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, and Mr. Warburg of the U.S. Embassy.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, looking very beautiful in shell-pink with a diamond tiara and diamond necklace, was present at the première of *Great Expectations* at the Gaumont, Haymarket, just before Christmas, and afterwards went on to Claridges for the supper-party that was given by the directors of Cineguild, Tony Havelock-Allen, Ronald Neame and David Lean, to celebrate the première of this excellent film. Viscountess Rothermere, who was chairman of the première, received Her Royal Highness, and must have felt gratified when the announcement was flashed on the screen that the sum of £6000 had been raised for the combined children's hospitals in London.

Among those I saw were the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, whose party included Stewart Granger, Lord Grantly, who was escorting his sister, the Hon. Kay Norton, the Earl and Countess of Dudley, Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., with his wife, who was warmly wrapped in a fur coat, Mrs. Corrigan with a party of four, Mr. George Annesley and his fiancée, Admiral Sir Percy Noble, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Rank, Lady Rachel Davidson and Lord Herbert, who were with the Duchess of Kent, Mr. Whitney Straight, Mr. Douglas Bader, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens. Among the stars present were Jean Simonds, who gives such a good performance in this film, as does John Mills, who was there with his playwright wife, Mary Hayley Bell.

WINCHESTER BALL

A BALL in aid of the Hampshire Red Cross, for which the Countess of Malmesbury is president, was held at the Guildhall, Winchester, last month.

The Guildhall was attractively decorated with mixed chrysanthemums, cotoneaster and evergreens, which had been given by the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, Mr. Edmund de Rothschild and Mr. and Mrs. Andreæ. Many of the men present wore their pink coats, which added to the gaiety of the scene.

There were a lot of house-parties in the district for the ball. The Countess of Malmesbury brought a large party from Hurn Court, which included Miss Elizabeth Balfour, Miss Elizabeth Pilkington, Mr. George Mostyn and Mr. John Pilkington. Capt. and Mrs. Faber's party included the Hon. Gloria Curzon, Lady Morvyth Benson's two daughters, Gillian and Sally, Miss Gordon Cumming, Capt. Dugdale, Mr. Thomas Faber and Mr. David Faber.

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie brought a party from Palace House, Beaulieu, which included her two attractive daughters, the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Mary Douglas-Scott-Montagu, and Major John Winn. Cdr. North, secretary to the Hursley Hunt, with the Hon. Mrs. North, were in Major and Mrs. Curtis's party.



Noel Coward, who wrote the operetta "Pacific 1860," with the star, Mary Martin



Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham and Lady Coningham



Mrs. W. Dwight Whitney with her daughter, Anna Massey



The Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Eden were among the audience



Two of the "Royal Footmen" who were on duty for the first time since 1939



Ronald Neame and David Lean, producers of "Great Expectations," and their wives

First Night at Drury Lane



Some of the earlier arrivals at St. Moritz on their way to the ski-ing school at Salastraine

"The Tatler" goes to Switzerland for—

THE WINTER SPORTS



Mr. Guy Richardson, of Cambridge, gets ready for a run. Many of the students have been enjoying the winter sports since the beginning of December

WINTER sports in Switzerland are now beginning in earnest and many of the most popular resorts are back to practically their pre-war standard of comfort and gaiety. It is early yet for the very best snow, but plenty of it is promised and also any amount of hot sun. As Switzerland is not subject to the wild and unaccountable changes of climate so familiar in Britain, these prophecies may be relied on.

Around Christmas the air becomes particularly electric with the impending University challenges. Both Oxford and Cambridge have strong ski-clubs, including women students as well as men, and this year they have gone out in force to Arosa. Oxford, repeating the prowess of their Rugby team, were the winners of the men's ski-race contest, winning the downhill, slalom and combined events, but the Cambridge ladies to some extent redeemed the situation by winning their team race against Oxford. The combined downhill race for individuals was also won by the Cambridge captain, Doris Meyer, who covered the course from Tschuggen to Inner-Arosa in 2 mins. 36 secs., a truly excellent performance.

When they return to their camp from a day on the slopes the University skiers find no lack of good, if plain food, on the self-service principle, and seasonable festivities, including a bagpipe band for dancing. They will return to England with very pleasant memories of the 1946-47 winter-sports season.



Miss Rachel Lloyd-Jones, of Newnham College, Cambridge, during the race



Anne Fowkes, of St. Anne's, Oxford, stemming in a difficult spot



Margaret Holmes, of St. Anne's, Oxford, another competitor in full swing



Margaret Graham, of Newnham College, Cambridge, helps Helen Maxwell, Oxford, put on her number for the race



Lorna Nairn, of St. Hilda's, Oxford, before the combined Universities' downhill race



Gabriel Ullstein and Doris Meyer, both of Newnham College, Cambridge. Miss Meyer was the captain of the winning Cambridge team



The winning men's Oxford team after their race against Cambridge at Arosa. They are H. Mathiessen, K. Huitfelt, P. Langlais, D. Wanklyn and J. Earle

Priscilla in Paris — Racine à la Hollywood

WHAT a week! I feel like an elderly puppy that has been running around after its own tail . . . or do I mean "tale"? If so, it is a very wintry one and I shall rise up and slay the next person who mentions this "nice, seasonable Christmas weather"!

The theatres are having another desperate rush to produce before the holidays. The Théâtre de la Comédie Française leads with three premières, one of which is yet to come. A rose by any other name . . . but while the old Odéon Theatre, now labelled "Comédie Française" in golden letters across its grim, grey façade, with the sub-title "Salle Luxembourg," may smell sweeter by reason of the new coat of paint and fresh upholstery that renovate its interior, there the improvement stops.

Since the death of Edouard Bourdet the succeeding managements of the theatre have been incapable of making both ends meet financially, despite an enormous subvention from the Government. To have taken over the Odéon, that was tottering along quite comfortably, and to use it as an annexe for modern plays, while the classics are reserved for the *maison mère*, now known as the Comédie-Française-Salle-Richelieu, seems to be a case of Scylla and Charybdis.

IT was at the Salle Richelieu that we saw the new presentation of *Bérénice*, in which Annie Ducaux, the film-star, was making her "official" début. Gaston Baty, of Théâtre Montparnasse fame, was entrusted with the production, with the result that the purism of conservative habitués of the Comédie was painfully shocked. Racine's tragedy, after the manner of Hollywood and the Folies Bergère, is something that has set Paris gasping, and certain hot-blooded critics nearly came to blows with their more placid *confrères*. But even the most placid agreed that it would be more seemly if Bérénice and her Imperial lover refrained from sprawling and squirming on the stairs that Baty threw across the stage, and that their clinging embracements were rather more of the Dietrich-Jean Gabin order than Racine could have wished.

They also deigned to notice that when the curtains of the Emperor's study amazingly parted to reveal a panoramic view of Rome in Technicolor hues, the Colosseum was seen to be in ruins, just as it is to-day. Considering that the building was commenced during the reign of Vespasian and finished under Titus, even Robert Kemp, who is one of the pillars of the present Comédie, agrees that this was a slight error of judgment.

At the Salle Luxembourg we have had an amusing farce—or, rather, it would have been grossly amusing at the Palais-Royal—by Bernard Zimmer, to whom we owe the French version of *Volpone* and Aristophane's *Birds*. It is called *Le Tourbillon*, but could have been named more aptly *La Putain Ir-réspectueuse*, after Sartre. This production was partly saved by Mlle. Mony Dalmès' exquisite tact, charm and acting and Dignimont's gay, stylised, 1900 décor, but, even so, one tableau had to be entirely cut after the dress rehearsal. As I recently wrote: What is the Comédie Française coming to?

AT the Marigny Mme. Madeleine Renaud and her husband, Jean-Louis Barrault, who both resigned from the Comédie last year, have produced a dramatic play by Armand Salacrou dealing with the F.F.I. (Forces Françaises de l'Interieur), *Les Nuits de la Colère*. A grim story. Dead men rise up and speak. Throw-back scenes reveal them as they were in life; then again they fade into the limbo that is neither Heaven nor Hell. Not a pleasant play by any means, but one that should be seen. It is another success to be added to the repertory that Barrault is building up. People are queueing outside the theatre from frosty dawn to frozen eve to book seats for this, as well as for *Hamlet* and Marivaux's *Fausses Confidences* that alternate on the playbill.

Mme. Suzanne Lilar, a hitherto unknown writer, has given us a new Don Juan at the Théâtre St. Georges: *Le Burlador*. Not a good title—too few people remember that the first dramatisation of the Spanish legend of Juan, by Tirso de Molina, was entitled *El Burlador de Sevila*, but it is a finely-written, romantic play, produced with lovely costumes and scenery, and brilliantly played by Maurice Escande, another refugee from the "new" Comédie Française, alas!

A WELCOME Christmas present is the return of the Ballets des Champs Elysées to "their" theatre. They are here for a month with all the old favourites and three new creations, one of which, *Le Bal des Blanchisseuses*, was given on the opening night. "Swing" music by Vernon Duke, story by Boris Kochno and choreography by Roland Petit. I am not terribly fond of these very modern ballets. If dancing is supposed to be the poetry of motion, this was the prose . . . and Cockney at that, or shall I say "Belleville"? But the setting was amusing. The washing hung out across the stage, its white, tattered rags gleaming and fluttering against a dark background while the washerwomen cavorted and "canoodled" in such a manner as to suggest that the ballet might as well have been called *High Jinks in the Laundry*.

A newcomer to the company, Mlle. Danielle Darmance, is an acquisition. Her acrobatics, as *danseuse étoile*, are of the music-hall—indeed, I believe she hails from the Tabarin—and she is a lovely little creature. Her costume, a black corset laced with blue and trimmed with dangling suspenders worn over her flesh-coloured tights, was charmingly audacious. It would have sent our grandmothers flying from the theatre if they had not swooned with embarrassment on the spot. Roland Petit, as a butcher boy, wearing a curious, ragged costume of white linen stained with pale-pink blood, pranced and pirouetted gaily, but not nearly so gaily as the orchestra conductor, behind whom I sat in the front row of the stalls. Never, since de Souza, have I seen such a weathercock. I was reminded of the first time I drove a car with an electric windscreen-wiper. I simply could not dodge his bâton.

THE other day I lunched with Petit's papa, or, rather, at the little pub that belongs to his papa, to whom he owes the financial backing that enabled him to get his company together and launch it so successfully. Papa's pub is a little *bistrot*, known as the Massif Central, in the Rue Montmartre. It has the sanded floor, the zinc counter with its array of bottles, the marble-topped tables of all good little *bistrots*, and the simple, well-cooked food is of the kind that one only finds in such places and in Paris. Papa still rolls up his sleeves, dons a blue apron and serves his customers himself. He wisely believed in his son and invested all his savings in the boy's venture. Rather wonderful and so like a best-selling story.

After the ballet I went on to the gorgeous Bal des Bijoux, where there were so many beautiful women, beautiful frocks and beautiful jewels that one was positively dazzled. The *beau monde* had a royal time, and so did the underworld. There were so many policemen on duty to watch over the jewellery that the burglars and footpads had all the rest of Paris to play with, and I am told that they made the most of it. A merry Christmas for the insurance companies.

Voilà!

● **Monsieur Durand telephones an SOS to his doctor:**

"Hurry, Doctor; please come round at once, my wife has an attack of appendicitis!"

"Nonsense," answers the vet. "I operated on your wife two years ago. I've never heard of anyone having a second appendix!"

"Perhaps not, Doc, but you may have heard of a man having a second wife!"







London Bazaar to Assist French War Orphans

Mme. Phang, representative of the British United Aid to China, sells some plates to Mrs. A. G. Gardiner

Two Greek girls in national costume, who are both members of the Greek Red Cross, serve coffee at the bazaar

Monsieur Paris, a member of the French Embassy, who opened the bazaar. The French Ambassador was unable to attend as he was in France



The wedding took place in London recently of Major the Hon. John Breckinridge Fermor-Hesketh, only brother of Lord Hesketh, of Easton Neston, Towcester, Northamptonshire, and Miss Patricia Mackaskie Cole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge Cole, of Hove, Sussex. The bride and bridegroom are seen toasting each other at the reception

LORD HESKETH'S BROTHER MARRIES



Mrs. H. Astley, Mr. P. Summers and Mrs. E. Cooper-Key were three of the guests



Mr. E. Hobson and Mr. M. Stockdale, brother-in-law of the bridegroom



Miss V. Scott and Major Derek Hall-Caine arriving at the reception



Swaebe

Earl and Countess Poulett at the reception. Lord Poulett is the eighth Earl



Not an A.B. on a windjammer, but John Dickson working the flies during a performance



Anthony Knowles, the president of [illegible]
"The Lower Dep[illegible]"

CAMBRIDGE ACTORS

"UNJUMPABLE, is it?" snorted Squire Mytton. "Then let me jump it!" Something of the Mytton spirit informs acting at Cambridge. Plays from which London theatre managers turn with a shudder are quietly played there.

The Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Society throws a fearless net over centuries and continents. Its members are as likely to be seen in modern American highbrow drama



"Electrician's-eye" view of a scene from the play during rehearsal: Geoffrey Banks, John Howard and June Hooper with Richard Bebb-Williams



Squalor and violence in a scene from [illegible] portrayed by [illegible]



ub, rehearsing the cast in a scene from Gorki's this year's main production

IN A GORKI CLASSIC

as in Ibsen, Tolstoi or Gorki, and sometimes, joining forces with the anonymous Marlowe Society, they revive a neglected Elizabethan. The acting is, as a rule, unpretentiously good, and the speaking a model of clearness. The club preserves an admirable independence, and with the professorial guidance it now receives from Mr. George Rylands and Mr. Donald Bevis outside help is less than ever necessary.



Gillian Webb making-up on the first night. The production was marked by high technical finish



sombre drama of the Russian slums, effectively Cambridge Company

Photographs by Ramsey and Muspratt



Another scene during rehearsal, showing Elvira Evans, Ross Lewis, Margaret Deehurst and John Cartley

Standing By . . .

FIVE SHILLINGS compensation for damage to a pair of gent's blue worsted Glen Urquhart trouserings, clawed by a Giant Panda during a television test-interview recently, seems excessive. We know a saucy Aberdeen bitch who 'd bite the pants off the entire BBC Board of Governors for half that sum, and gladly.

However, it shows the public that the BBC boys don't buy their elegant trousers off the peg, like cads or journalists. It also shows, maybe, that the Giant Panda either thinks the BBC is just a big nonsense—and who shall say that dumb chum errs ?—or is furious at that graft with which the Old Joybox is alleged to be riddled. Or again, perhaps, the gesture was merely a protest of the Panda Nation at the fact that the Island Race considers the Panda "quaint," whereas suburban trains are packed every morning and evening with far more televisable objects performing that odd, peculiar trick noted by an American poet in four stoical lines :

> Commuter—one who spends his life
> In riding to and from his wife ;
> A man who shaves and takes a train,
> And then rides back to shave again.

Baudelaire's cry on contemplating one of those exquisite bowlerhatted pans is wellknown :

> Qu'importe ta bétise ou ton indifférence ?
> Masque ou décor, salut ! J'adore ta beauté.

And we guess that if the BBC televised the 6.10 to Surbiton for the benefit of the Giant Panda, instead of the other way round, the reaction would be far more polite.

Check

WHEN two exquisitely attractive feminine inhabitants of Fulham (S.W.) smiled at a youthful citizen recently he turned back and spoke to them, on which they instantly called a cop. Explaining to the magistrate in due course that he had just returned from Paris, where (he alleged) it is considered polite to say "Good-afternoon" to a lady who smiles at one, the victim of baneful Continental influences was discharged with a caution.

You can do it without fear of arrest in Madrid, where a murmured "How charming" (*Qué guapa !*) as Beauty trips by is accepted without fuss, normally, impersonally, like a tribute to a picture or a rose. Try it on in Fulham or Cheltenham, and you swiftly learn the significance of geographical latitudes. Try it on in Hicksville, Hick County, Ill., and the indignant locals will tar-and-feather you and run you out of town on a rail. Yet in this same centre of civilisation the necking-party is a nightly institution, whereas in Spain the lover's access to the beloved is hedged round by stern and inflexible conventions. We draw no conclusions, except that people are very odd and we adore fewer and fewer of them as the years roll by.



Bequest

ROUND the Temple the wiggy boys are rubbing their hands over an involved Chancery will-tangle involving some £260,000, which looks like becoming, as the lawyer says in *Catriona*, licking his lips, "a dreeping roast."

One imagines that Dickens disposed of all Chancery goldmines once and for all (he based the Jarndyce Case, a lawyer tells us, on the great Jennings Case, which lasted with intervals nearly a hundred years and set a couple of generations of the Chancery boys up for life). But the same kind of will still keeps bobbing up at intervals, and, what is worse, wills are getting chatty. Not content with dishing out their dough, testators are indulging in reminiscence, reflection, whimsy, and even persiflage ; which must be hell for their ravening relatives when the family solicitor begins reading in those maddeningly deliberate tones. Before long, doubtless, a real shock will petrify somebody. E.g. :

This is the last Will and Testament of me, George Henry Horrible, and how I wish I could see your



faces as old Tinribs recites it. Never mind the dough for the moment. There are just one or two things I 'd like to say about the family, to begin with.

First, as to my wife . . .

Climax

SOME fifty folio pages (unless the solicitor is torn to pieces first) would lead by gentle stages to the fact that the late Mr. Horrible has left nearly his entire fortune to charity, a thing legatees hate and despise.

No doubt the Chancery boys would get most of it in the end. They generally do.

O.H.M.S.

NOT since Mrs. Jones the Gas was ejected from the Alcazar Casino for trying on a baccarat-shoe has there been such a fuss at Llandudno, the Biarritz of North Wales, as there was when 3000 Inland Revenue boys and girls in hopeless exile accused Slogger Dalton recently of being responsible for nervous breakdowns, broken homes, divorce, and suicide.

We thought Llandudno would get those rather prim boys and girls down before long. It attracts the *rastas* of two hemispheres, a croupier at the Casino once told us. He said Monte Carlo is more godly, and sharply criticised the cynicism of the Mayor and Corporation, who, like the Prince of Monaco, icily ignore the vast



Swaebe

glittering Viennese-Baroque gambling hell from which they draw their wealth, and always refer to it with a shrug as "That there place by over there, whateffer" (" *En face, là.*") This is less excusable at Llandudno because the Municipality also runs the gaudy Café-Concert des Ambassadeurs immediately opposite, and can hardly help knowing from Mrs. Evans, the manageress, or Griffiths the Bread, what 's going on.

Footnote

WHAT causes nervous breakdown and divorce among the Inland Revenue horde undoubtedly is, or was (possibly it has been swept away by public indignation since we were there), the type of pier-peepshow, also found at Brighton, labelled *Up in Mabel's Room* or *What Tommy Saw in Paris*. The Promenade des Etrangers at Llandudno used to be full of these ; outside "Sea View" (Mrs. Rees) there was actually one called *Harem Nights*, reserved for local J.P.s. You can't expect the Inland Revenue to stand that sort of un-English lewdery.

Check

WHY that revue-boy who got into trouble with the Lord Chamberlain recently for writing a lyric mildly guying the Government was not slung straightway into a concentration-camp nobody seems to know. It was flagrant *lèse*-Attlee. Democracy cannot allow (etc., etc.).

In Paris and New York politicians from the President down can be guyed inside out, as everybody knows. A pleasing example was that scene in a Moss Hart revue showing the Hoovers packing up for removal from the White House. When Mrs. Hoover had tied up the last parcel Mr. Hoover suddenly remembered an urgent farewell message for his successor, got him on the telephone, and emitted a resounding razz which brought the house down. For employing the same simple and effective method to convey even Mr. Shaw's message to the Island Race in a recent London revue a chap nearly got penal servitude.

Footnote

WE asked an M.P. why British politicians are so averse to a romp, and he quoted the solemn lines of Dr. Edward ("Night-Thoughts") Young warning Europe to watch its step because Parliament has reassembled :

> Frown you ? Frown on ! Your hour is past !
> The signal wafted in that blast
> Speaks Britain's aweful Senate met . . .
> The walls, the very walls advise,
> Each mean degenerate thought chastise,
> And rouse the sons with all their fathers' fires. . . .

From what we could gather, including a hiccup or two, those boys are still Aunt Britannia's sacred cows. Whimper that off, dumbos.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE students of a girls' high school were asked to write a book review on a novel they had read the previous month. One girl waited until almost the last moment, borrowed the book from the circulating library, and turned in the following:

"*Pink Pyjamas*, by Hannah Heartthrob, is a modern novel of young love. The theme is the familiar 'boy meets girl.' He doesn't care for her in the beginning, but he finds out that she 's really marvellous in the middle, so he marries her in the end."

* * *

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD American boy was considering the different girls he might ask to the next school dance. "I think I 'll ask Jean," he decided at last.

"That surprises me," his mother said. "Last year you wouldn't even dance with her—you said he was too tall and skinny."

"Oh, but she 's different now," her son assured her. "She 's tops. Since last year she 's mobilised her physique and brought up reinforcements."

* * *

THE prison guard escorted the two new convicts to the rock pile. He handed them each a sledge-hammer and pointed to a huge rock.

"All right, you mugs," he said. "Here 's the rock. Now get busy and split it."

The guard walked away and the first convict started to hammer away at the rock. The second gorilla merely stood at ease.

After ten minutes of back-breaking work, the first convict turned to the other man.

"Well," he growled, "what are you waitin' for? Didn't you hear the guard say we should split this rock?"

The second gorilla waved a hand.

"Aw, go ahead," he said generously. "You keep it all to yourself!"

WE like this one from *The Christian Science Monitor*:

During the reign of Queen Victoria, Sarah Bernhardt appeared on the London stage in the role of Cleopatra. On this particular night Bernhardt was at her best as Egypt's fiery queen. She stabbed the unfortunate slave who had brought the tidings of Antony's defeat at Actium, raved, wrecked the palace, and finally, as the curtain fell, dropped in a heap in the wreckage.

During a lull in the thunderous applause which followed, a middle-aged British matron was heard to remark in tones of great satisfaction to her companion, "How different, how very different from the home life of our own dear Queen!"

* * *

ASKED if a famous Broadway producer had called him a pinhead, as reported, George Jean Nathan loftily replied: "That 's impossible. Pinhead is a word of two syllables."

"HOOP-LA, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!" (AFTER SEVEN YEARS)



"Tatler" artist Peggy Schlegel goes to the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia

Curling at Wimbledon

Advantage was taken of the recent heavy frosts to play the Scottish national game at the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club. The rink was in excellent shape, and although few spectators braved the wintry conditions to watch a pastime rarely seen in the south, the participants enjoyed some thoroughly exhilarating games



The game in progress. Brooms are used to clear the ice and allow the stones to slide smoothly

Sabretache PICTURES IN THE FIRE

A HUNTING note from Sarawak! And someone has just sent me a letter from an enthusiast in that fascinating land we used to think of as Rajah Brookeland, about hunting. I gather that this gentleman intends to suggest that "The Shires and All That" are not the last word. Amongst other things, this letter says: "We hunt much that you not hunt much, and English fox hunter is not so pleased per eminent newspaper, so what can you do, come to my country." The writer does not tell us what it is they are hunting, and his silence on this point impels a sinister surmise, which I hope most profoundly is unjustified. Anyway, it is nice to learn that some people are "keeping the tambourine a-rollin'."

Futuristic

WHILST there is no law against the free expression of opinion, the publication of odds against various animals which have not been entered for a particular race savours of anticipating the jury's verdict. The "no race, no bet" rule, of course, runs in such a case, but I suggest that it would be better in such an event to head the betting list: "This Is My Opinion If The Following Are Entered."

It is very interesting to be given the considered views of erudite students of form, but I am convinced that, however intelligent the anticipation might be, it is a mistake to create an atmosphere completely unsupported by actuality. Bookmakers' prices, like the Stock Exchange Lists, ought to be strictly "to money" and not just an expression of personal opinion. We know that quite often the betting lists are nothing more than a statement of account, and that something quoted at, say, 4—1, which, in other places, can be backed at 6's and 7's, means no more than that the particular operator is already too full of him—"bad" is the popular phrase—and is not anxious for any more. This, of course, is perfectly legitimate, but offering odds about horses that have not even been entered for a particular event is another pair of shoes.

Grand National: March 28th

THE closing date for entries was December 31st. We had a long list of prices given us on December 21st, 1946—thirty of them and one name, in particular, missed out, no doubt through inadvertence. Prince Regent was quoted at 5—1, when over any period of, say, ten years, the mathematical odds against any horse getting round from any cause, not necessarily a fall, are in the region of 4—1. Lovely Cottage, last year's winner, was quoted at 20—1; Jack Finlay, the runner-up, at 25—1. This is opinion pure and simple, and means that they can have no possible chance of beating Prince Regent this year no matter what the Handicapper may do.

Bricett, who has yet to show us that he can jump the Aintree fences (he fell last year), was quoted at the same price as Lovely Cottage, and Poor Flame, who jumps the Cheltenham country with elegance, but who has never shaped like defeating the Aintree raspers, was also on the same mark as Lovely Cottage, who, at any rate, has won his spurs. How again is it worked out that Dunshaughlin has a 33—1 chance strictly on Liverpool form? He has plainly shown that he thinks Aintree a bit too vulgar, and until his recent win over the accommodating Windsor fences, seemed to have completely lost his nerve. However, last year Ireland had a very strong wakeness for him—and he is a good one! War Risk, who has won over the big fences (the Sefton), was offered us at 25—1, five points longer than a bunch of them who have never earned such a distinction. It is all somewhat mystifying.

Other Futures

WHERE the Classics, the Lincoln, and so forth, are concerned, the entries being already in our possession, even if the weights in the Handicap events are not, Tom is just as well entitled to express his opinion in print or otherwise as is Dick or Harry. Tudor Minstrel may be a 3—1 chance for the Guineas (May 2nd) on December 27th, and an 8—1 chance for the Derby (June 4th) on the same date; and Langton Abbot may be able to win the Lincoln again no matter what the Handicapper puts on his back; but again, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that these quotations can only be opinion, though, perhaps, in Tudor Minstrel's case this may be backed by a certain amount of Scottish coin of the realm.

Most people are fond of a flutter, but I would suggest that neither 3—1 nor 8—1 are very alluring figures for it. If we saw a 20—1 shot on offer, and I think that I do, that would be different. I wonder what price they will lay Petition the double, or another double, Migoli and Nebuchadnezzar?

From Australia

THE following most interesting letter from a hitherto unknown, but most kindly correspondent, Mr. J. G. Paton, who lives in Blackburn, Victoria, causes me to put dust upon my head for having said *à propos* H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester's tour of the Northern Territory, that Australia was not a "shooter's paradise." In extenuation I crave leave to say that that was inspired by someone who is very close to H.R.H. Anyway, he was wrong, and so was I; and here are the real facts, which I am only too pleased to publish, feeling at the same time that I hardly deserve the generous present which Mr. Paton is sending me:—

It was interesting to read here your notes in THE TATLER of August 21st, shortly after H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester returned from a tour in the Northern Territory, where, according to Press reports, both he and the Duchess had some good shooting. Photographs published showed H.R.H. in action among the black duck—one day he bagged fifty-six—of which there were flights of actually thousands over some of the lagoons. Game, big, small, and on the wing, teems in the North, but even in Victoria, those of us, this means nearly everyone, who have enjoyed gun, rifle or rod, will say that Australia is a shooter's paradise.

We have many species of duck and teal, quail and the jack snipe; wild turkey, plover, bronze-wing pigeon and others, mostly protected; but there are always hares by the million and rabbits by the billion. Not to mention the fox, which—er—we shoot!

The Paddy Melon is certainly not a vegetable, nor is it a bird. It is a small wallaby, which is a small kangaroo, about the size of a rat.

White cockatoos, kangaroos, wallabies and other protected game are only, or should only be, shot (of course, there is no protection for man, bird or beast against the hooligan with a pea-rifle) when the protection is lifted in areas where they have become a pest. I know one farmer who is strongly anti-white cockatoo. He planted a few acres of peas, and next morning the ground was white with hundreds of cockatoos. He rushed for his gun, but they had a sentry in a tree, and she gave the warning.

To show there 's no ill-feeling, and in some small appreciation of the good reading you give us, I am taking the liberty of addressing a parcel of produce to you. Please accept this from a quite obscure old digger. The parcel should reach you about Christmas or New Year. With every good wish.

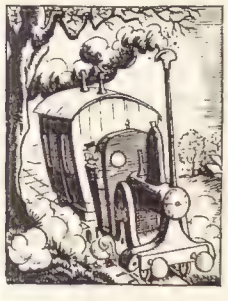


Capt. G. N. Openshaw laying a stone. Curling is very similar to bowls, a skittle-shaped tee being used instead of a jack



With the aid of the crampit on which he stands, Mr. R. Rutherford gives a stone a good send-off

Scoreboard



ENGLAND is still blessed, and saved, by places which have eluded the prehensile, and not over-clean, paw of progress. Their charm is of character even more than of face. Of such is Rye; careless of compliment, safe in unconscious pride; just as Mrs. Siddons would not relish praise of her beauty alone; nor a Jacobean snuff-box, if consulted, be found to enjoy the customer's customary "How too delightful!"

"Station to tram 5 minutes, tram to links 8 minutes." Rye golfers of the pre-car, and post-car, era will know that the "tram" is really a train in its own peculiar right and style. Years ago, when cartoonists were being funny about Oom Paul's beard and pipe, the young son of the Rye Golf Club secretary unhooked that train's rear coach a minute before it was due to leave links for town. In it and ignorance sat his father and other local seniors, cosily fortified against the winter evening, against nearly all that fate could bring, except an undutiful son. For two hours sat they. For two days, thereafter, did not sit young R. Beaumont Vincent.

HERE, this week, is revived the annual meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, to play for the President's Putter (Singles), the Croome Shield (Medal Foursomes) and the Secretary's curious Niblick (Consolatory Match Foursomes). The Putter's present holder, eight years old by golfing Calendar, is John Greenly, of Charterhouse and Oxford. Among his challengers are written down R. H. Wethered and C. J. H. Tolley, who were Amateur champions when Greenly was still chipping about in shorts; Robert Sweeny, champion in 1937 and finalist in last summer's "Amateur" against the mighty James Bruen; and that Anak of iron play, Leonard Crawley. Sweeny and Crawley, by the perversity of ballot, are to meet long before they should.

Winner of the Putter in the first four years, 1920 to 1923, was E. W. E. (now Sir Ernest) Holderness, who, in the time that he could spare from Governmental duties, twice won the Amateur Championship and, in his silent, infallible way, split the pin with a science seldom seen outside the Professional academy.

His run at Rye was interrupted by Bernard Darwin, once referred to as the Oliver Goldsmith of golf, for he writes like an angel and putted, sometimes, like—well, B. D. would tell you. Involution, not evolution. Next came a victory by Sir Harold Gillies, the inventive and jocular Gillies, who drew the attention of golf's legislators by promoting an empty beer-bottle to the status of a tee; and who introduced a dummy from a local shop-window to the Society's General Meeting as being suited by superior knowledge of procedure to stand for the Business Committee.

In the final of 1926, Eustace Storey and Wethered played on and on, till the bell-ringers were bethinking them of Evensong and the putting was done by candle-light. They came to the sixth hole for the second time that afternoon, and honours were divided.

OTHER finals of the Putter crowd the memory: A. J. Evans going down, Sir Richard Grenville style, to two of Crawley's shrewdest shots at the old dog-legged twenty-first; the same Evans matching stroke for stroke with Wethered and losing on the nice balance of a couple of putts; D. H. R. Martin's wonderful golf in the storm against that artistic light-weight, Rex Hartley—Hartley passing through the little tin-roofed clubhouse after nine holes, short of breath as if it were indeed a boxing match, laconically expelling the words "Three light"—Dale Bourn being watched during his victory over Holderness by John Morrison mounted on a sort of horse; John's idea of fraternal encouragement. A few months later Bourn won the English Championship.

NOW the links at Rye have been reclaimed, all nineteen holes; reopened, first by the devoted indispensables, then, quite informally, by the swells; James Adams and William Anderson, Rye's new professional, versus C. J. H. Tolley and L. G. Crawley. Scotland won in the morning, England after lunch. Fame waits on new winners of the Putter, friendship on old pairings in the foursomes, appetite, and hope, on those most buttered eggs and most unquestionable sausages.

R. C. Robertson Glasgow.



The Hon. C. R. Allanson-Winn was another of the competitors



The Percy Meet at Tuggal Hall, Northumberland

A recent meet of the Percy was held at Tuggal Hall, Chathill, Northumberland, the residence of Lord and Lady Beveridge. In the group above are Major A. S. C. Browne (Joint-Master), the Duchess of Northumberland, Lord Beveridge, Lady Beveridge and the Duke of Northumberland. The pack consists of twenty couples and hunts round Alnwick, Bamburgh and Warkworth

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The Life of the Heart"
"Westwood"
"How to be An Alien"
"In the Asey Mayo Trio"

"THE LIFE OF THE HEART," by Frances Winwar (Hamish Hamilton; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is the story of George Sand and her times. And what a story! This astonishing Frenchwoman was born in 1804; died in 1876. As a little girl, she exchanged a glance with Napoleon; she was to live through (and at close quarters with) the second and third French revolutions and the Franco-Prussian war. She met almost all, and was on terms with many, of the remarkable people of her country and day. She wrote more than eighty books, married once, bore a son and daughter, and had, concurrently with her many activities, an almost non-stop succession of love-affairs, two at least of which have gone down to fame.

Miss Winwar gives us a study of temperament, not of writing. In this I feel certain she has been wise. A critic of the George Sand novels, as a body of work, could hardly fail to run into several volumes. As it is, individual novels are mentioned only when they relate to the actual plot of their author's life, or throw light on her contradictory nature. (I regret, all the same, that a list of the works, with dates, has not been appended.)

She herself, it has been said, was her own best novel. To my shame, I have read nothing George Sand wrote—but having come to the end of Miss Winwar's book, I am satisfied that the saying can but be true. I defy any novelist, even the one in question, to invent a heroine quite on the George Sand scale, or to devise adventures by half so odd.

The Aurore Dupin who became George Sand was born to pursue her course with a devastating and—where other lives were concerned—somewhat crashing simplicity. She was that most dangerous of creatures, the high-minded *femme fatale*. On our side of the Channel, her goings-on would have been written off, simply, as "very French." Her unpromising youthful marriage to Casimir Dudevant—a pompous nobody-in-particular—was entered upon, one can only think, with idealism: she was not in love, and could, as her grandmother's heiress, have done better. Casimir's grossness and dullness were soon to reveal themselves—driving Aurore to her first, and strictly platonic, love.

* * *

SHE required, like most of her sex, to be understood—ironically, she was to spend the greater part of her life with young men who required her to understand them. As Miss Winwar shows. Was it possible that the succession of young romantics who, in turn, made a place for themselves in that mighty heart resented, not less than her husband, the originality of the "George" Aurore was to become? The trouble this chain of lovers—each in his progress from an original captivated docility towards fractious rebellion—made for the busy woman must have been infinite. But, for her part, what did she do to them? To be cast out by Madame Sand was, apparently, to be left a permanent casualty: de Musset, after the break with her, steadily went to seed; Chopin, already a desperately sick man, died.

Like most people who fall in love many times, George Sand—as her friends observed—was always drawn to a type, which repeated itself with slight variations. Her young men (to use the brisk British parlance) were in each case younger than herself, highly-strung, somewhat childish and glad of mothering, good-looking, gifted, and more than a little effeminate. The masculine element she, in a way, supplied: her choice of a masculine pen-name had been appropriate—no one knew better than George how to be a man among men. In her non-amorous aspects she was a born good fellow; while she was at ease with, and, therefore, knew well, few women.

That, equally, she was strongly maternal, and was seeking what in these days would be called the son-lover, is obvious. It was when her real son, Maurice Dudevant, reached young manhood and became a powerful influence in her life, that George Sand turned upon, and threw out, the dying Chopin.

The Life of the Heart is written with a discretion and dignity which place it poles apart from that dubious series of "love-lives of the great." Humour is, admirably, present—for indeed there are passages, such as the

Venice triangle of Sand, de Musset and the local respectable doctor, which could not be treated in any other spirit. Anyhow, this is not a love-story but a life-story—and one of which the social, literary, political and historical background has been satisfyingly supplied. Aurore's mixed ancestry, and the violent family rivalries of her childhood not only explain much that George Sand became, but are in themselves of interest—appropriate early chapters to that *chef d'œuvre*, her life. We are to watch the growth of a difficult, fulvous girl, riding breakneck through the Nohant woods in boy's clothes, through the gawky débutante stage and young married state, towards the emancipation which brought Aurore to Paris. There, she was soon to be the star of a group of young intellectuals—who had already become her friends during holidays near her provincial home.

Husband written off as a dead loss, children a frozen asset, the young woman—sombre, forbidding to strangers, dream-bound—paced the streets of Paris dressed as a young man. The times were in tune with her own mood : the famous Romantic movement was at its height—thundering theatrical first nights, duels, poetic dandies, exalted conversations into the small hours. Granddaughter, on the maternal side, of a Paris bird-seller of the quais ; descended on her father's (with a bar sinister) from the royal house of Poland, Aurore-George was to show herself infinitely adaptable.

She was a little woman, long-faced, with large and magnetic eyes. In dress, alternately negligent and bizarre—at the dinner-party at which she first met de Musset she was got up *à la Orientale*, a jewelled dagger tucked into the waist. De Musset—the supercilious young man of fashion—having made a frivolous comment on this ornament, it disappeared, one observed, before the end of dinner. . . . To me, the most alienating feature of George Sand would be her loquaciousness : she took up the character of a possible lover, throughout his circle and hers, as one might take up the character of a cook : as the affair progressed, every interested person was provided with a situation report.

* * *

But, George was big. Facetiousness peels off her, irritation rebukes itself. In the long run, " this was a man "—and, in all issues, she behaved like a gentleman. Generous, unmalicious, free with her sympathies as with her hard-made money, she might well be a model to women of more discretion.

Through it all she worked, and worked like a black. She was in touch with every humanitarian movement of her day. Sainte-Beuve, Balzac, Flaubert, Liszt, and Delacroix—whose lovely drawing of her in male top-hat and cravat provides this book's cover—were among her friends. . . . Miss Winwar has assembled her material for *The Life of the Heart* admirably ; and gives the whole satisfactory form. Her style here and there needs chastening ; and the Gallic formation of her sentences (in which such Americanisms as " oldsters " appear oddly) is to be regretted. *The Life of the Heart*, I feel, will be much discussed. Personally, I found it difficult to put down.

* * *

Stella Gibbons' great gift for describing places—their inherent mysteriousness, the spell they put upon people—appears to the full in *Westwood* (Longmans ; 10*s.* 6*d.*). This is a tale of Highgate and Hampstead, and of the Heath extending between those two ancient and lordly villages. It is a tale, also, of the domination of a girl's fancy by a set of people and by a particular house. In Hampstead dwells Alex Niland, youthful but famous painter ; in Highgate his father-in-law, the high-class but none the less highly successful dramatist, Gerard Challis. Westwood, a perfect Georgian house, is the Challis home : deep-set in the trees of its garden, it is surrounded by villas—in one of which the Steggles family dwells.

Lower-middle-class Margaret Steggles, moving up from the provinces with her parents in order to teach at a North London school, touches the edge of the brilliant circle through the accident of picking up young Mrs. Niland's ration book on the Heath, and, somewhat belatedly, returning it. She obtains, also, back-door entrance to Westwood by striking up a friendship with the Challises' Free-German refugee " help." At this point, her acquaintance with the famous ones is, apparently, to stop. It does not, however, from the point of view of illusions, stop quite in time—Margaret is doomed to see the (to her) godlike Challis as the ineffectual, more than slightly ridiculous pursuer of her own girl friend, Hilda.



A Welsh Guardsman, *by Augustus John, is the frontispiece of " Welsh Guards at War," by Major L. F. Ellis, C.V.O., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (Gale and Polden ; £1 5s.). The deeds of these famous battalions in the war are most adequately related by Major Ellis, Viscount Alexander writes an introduction, and there are many carefully selected maps and illustrations*

Margaret Steggles is, as a figure, beautifully drawn. The little ignominies of her home life, her unattractiveness to men of her own class, her unsatisfied yearnings for an intellectual *beau monde*, are seen in their true proportion by Miss Gibbons. There are, as always in this writer's novels, passages of delicate comedy—and in this vein I cannot enough praise Hilda, with her " Whatever for ? " The world to-day, one should realise, is full of Margarets—who, if not inglorious, are mute.

* * *

" How to be An Alien " (Allen Wingate ; 6*s.*) is a biting book. George Mikes (pronounced " me - cash ") wrote it ; Nicholas Bentley has drawn the pictures. Here we have notes, from the wary alien angle, on British ways ; with suggestions as to how to (*a*) cope with, (*b*) imitate them. Weather, tea, sex, soul, " How to be rude " and " How not to be clever " are among subjects dealt with. In some places, I ought to say, Mr. Mikes is both nearer the bone and funnier than he is in others. Throughout, the Bentley drawings do much to help.

* * *

" In the Asey Mayo Trio " (Crime Club, Collins ; 8*s.* 6*d.*) Phoebe Atwood Taylor and her detective, " the Cape Cod Sherlock," are, equally, at their best. Some of the full-length Asey novels have struck me as slow—overpacked with local colour and local types. Here, the tightening-up into short (though long-short) stories has been all to the good : tension never slackens, the handling is economic.

We have, as scenes for the trio, respectively a moving house—old-type New England homestead being towed on wheels from one site to another—an aristocratic girls' school, and an observatory—in which scrutiny of the heavens has by no means cooled down the passions of the personnel. In all three, fantastic episode is balanced by New England common sense. I have never liked Asey better—as for his cousin Jenny, I was sorry to find her absent from the observatory : what she would have said or made of a scientist who habitually supped off raw onion sandwiches, I should have liked to know. The opening scenes of the second story—a games mistress on a motor-scooter pursuing twenty-two lost girls—are, also, rewardingly funny.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

In your issue dated December 25th, 1946, your contributor, Beaumont Kent, in his item, " Backstage," mentions that Lyndon Brook " recently distinguished himself in the Footlights (sic) production of Gorki's *The Lower Depths*." Lyndon Brook did distinguish himself in no mean manner in this play, but it was presented by this Club and not by the Footlights.

Mr. Brook, besides being one of the leading actors of the Club, is also our extremely competent Business Manager.

J. D. CARTHY.

(*Secretary of the Amateur Dramatic Society, Cambridge.*)

To the C.A.D.S. and to Lyndon Brook, apologies ; for Beaumont Kent a stern don't-do-it-again look. [*Ed.*]

Sir,

Is it not possible to choose more young and attractive couples for your weddings page ? For a paper of your standing must have a considerable number of photographs to choose from ?

Surely there is some youth and beauty left in this country, still ? Sometimes this nuptial page leads one to despair of it.

Lewes, Sussex. R. PAYNE.

Come, come, Reader Payne, beauty lies within the eye of the beholder, as any bridegroom will aver. [*Ed.*]

Christmas Eve on Duty.

Sir,

Please forgive the speculations induced by enforced and solitary idleness.

On page 437 of your issue of to-morrow's date there appears the back view of an old man looking at a bookstall, and underneath a poem entitled " The Bookman." Assuming that the poem is to be taken seriously at its face value, then :

(*a*) The picture above is unrelated ; or (*b*) The picture above is related. If related as at (*b*) then :

(*i*) You have noticed the titles and general standard of magazines and books displayed and ascribed them to the S.E. corner of Leicester Square ; or (*ii*) You have not so noticed the titles, etc. If (*i*) Is there some deep and hidden meaning in the apparent incongruity ?

If (*ii*) Is it " Christmas rush," or pedantry on my part ?

E. L. PEMBERTON, LT.-CDR.

H.M.S. Dryad.

Pedantry, Sir, pedantry. [*Ed.*]

Sir,

TATLER, December 18th, 1946, page 391. Surprised to learn from Michael Killanin's article that the first trans-Atlantic cable came into Clifden, Galway. Why did they get towed around to Waterville and Valentia, Co. Kerry ?

Co. Kerry, Ireland. T. B.

Why ? To enact another injustice, maybe. [*Ed.*]

Sir,

I was somewhat surprised to read in your article in THE TATLER of October 2nd that the eland was only to be found in remote parts of Kenya.

Should you have any readers contemplating a trip to N. Rhodesia, this antelope can be found without much difficulty in the Kalomo, Choma, Lusaka and Namwala areas of N. Rhodesia.

ALAN J. C. HEWITT (CAPT.).

Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

Sir,

May I thank you for giving publicity to the last bloodstock sales at Newmarket and the presence of so many Continental buyers, so giving the lie to those pessimists who maintain that our racing strains are " played out." All our horses are suffering from (as Sabretache so often emphasises) is malnutrition, on the principle, one supposes, that " enough to keep them on their feet is a feast." But horse-racing is not the only sport in eclipse since the war. In what single game can we point to a British individual champion, or champion team ? None, to my knowledge. In this respect, as in that of economics and markets, we are at a serious disadvantage as a result of shouldering the heaviest burdens of the war.

Leicester. C. LOMAS.



Sheridan — Chantler

Lt. Gerald Thomas Brinsley Sheridan, Royal Marines, younger son of Mr. M. O. Sheridan and of Mrs. E. M. Sheridan, of Halsdon, Verwood, Dorset, married Miss Ann Rose Chantler, daughter of the late Mrs. Chantler and Mr. R. S. Chantler, of Tunbridge Wells, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Owen — Wilson

Lt. Robin A. C. Owen, R.N., younger son of the late Cdr. B. Owen and of Mrs. Owen, of Rysa Lodge, Seething, near Norwich, married Miss Joan Lavender Wilson, only child of the late Lt.-Cdr. L. Wilson and of Mrs. Wilson, of 14, Daleham Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3, at St. Paul's, Portman Square



McWatters — Robertson

Mr. George Edward McWatters, elder son of Col. and Mrs. McWatters, of 2, Miles Road, Clifton, Bristol, married Miss Margery N. Robertson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David N. Robertson, of Oakhurst, Leigh Woods, Bristol, at St. Mary's, Leigh Woods



Moncrieffe — Erroll

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, was present at the marriage of Capt. Iain Moncrieffe to the Countess of Erroll, of Spye Park, Chippenham, Wilts, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was given away by her uncle, Capt. F. F. Spicer, and was attended by Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Phillips — Tiarks

Mr. P. W. G. Phillips, M.C., King's Dragoon Guards, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, of Oldbury Grange, Nuneaton, married Miss Anne Patricia Tiarks, only child of Brig. and Mrs. Tiarks, of Southend Farm, Charfield, Gloucestershire



Henniker-Major — Benning

Mr. John P. E. C. Henniker-Major, M.C., the Foreign Service, elder son of the Hon. John and Mrs. Henniker-Major, of the Red House, Thornham, Eye, Suffolk, married Miss Margaret Osla Benning, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Benning, of Montreal, and of Mrs. G. Courtney



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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

A panel of knife pleating from waist to jacket hem is repeated at the front of the skirt in this town suit made in weaver's green soft wool. Made-to-measure suits on this page and the hats from Marshall and Snelgrove



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Margaret Williamson *youngest daughter of Sir James and Lady Williamson, of Highdown, Hindhead, and India, is to marry Mr. James Gifford Gordon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gordon*



Miss Anne Margaret Orpen *younger daughter of Major A. S. and the Hon. Mrs. Orpen, of 63 Eaton Place, S.W.1, is to marry Major Peter Osmond Myers, M.C., 8th Gurkha Rifles*



Miss Anne Winn *whose engagement was announced in November to Captain Mark Wyndham, M.C., 12th Royal Lancers. She is the younger daughter of the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Winn*



Pearl Freeman

Miss Gillian Donn *younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Donn, who is to be married this month to Captain I. F. van Ammel, Royal Horse Guards, youngest son of Mr. F. C. van Ammel*



Lenare

Sir Charles Ian Russell, Bt., and Miss Rosemary Prestige *whose engagement was announced in the autumn. Sir Charles is the only son of the late Captain Sir Alec Russell, Bt., and of Mrs. Faviell. Miss Rosemary Prestige is the elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Prestige, of Bourne Park, Bishopsbourne, Kent*

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Oliver Stewart

on FLYING

ONE of the functions of the scientific worker, it has been unkindly said, is to discover explanations for the things that the engineers have done long ago. Although that is not entirely true, it is remarkable what a large proportion of the practical improvements in aviation come from the engineers and what a small proportion from the specialist research workers.

Yet today we are all mesmerized by scientific workers and research establishments. We imagine that if we are backward in anything it is only necessary to set up a huge and expensive research establishment and all will be well. Many such establishments are now going up and it might be well to put them to the test.

Let us set them the specific problem of silencing aircraft. The position of the ordinary engineer is that he can silence any aircraft if he is allowed to waste enough power in doing it. A very large and weighty silencer is needed for the exhaust noise, and the airscrew noise has to be reduced by using a very large and very slow running multi-bladed airscrew.

By the time these two modifications have been made on a large enough scale really to eliminate noticeable noise, the aircraft has been so changed that it can lift almost no pay-load. And there still remains engine clatter which must be eliminated by the use of sleeve valves and other means.

Ingenious Idea

SOME time ago an ingenious scientific worker propounded the theory that exhaust noise might be eliminated by a process of interference. As far as I could make out he proposed that some of the exhaust gases be led into a pipe giving one tone, and the rest into a pipe giving another tone, the interval being such that these two tones interfered with one another and cancelled each other out.

It sounded too good to be true. And it seems that it was. But cannot our research workers of today try again? I am beginning already to get complaints from people who live near aerodromes about aircraft noise. And it seems that the little machines—owing to their behaviour—cause more nuisance than the big ones.

Surely exhaust and airscrew silencing ought to be child's play to the men who invent atomic bombs. Or must they always be noisy and destructive?

Airport Extensions

IF airports go on extending their runways the time will come when it will be possible to drive a motor car from one end of England to the other along concreted runways. And that will assuredly be much quicker than taking an aeroplane. The idea is not so fantastic as it seems, for the aerodromes of Thurleigh and Little Staughton are to be joined to make a five-mile runway. So it will be quicker and easier to motor between these two villages than to fly.

But there is no suggestion that five miles will be long enough. The aircraft designers are insatiable and there is no sign of a limit to their runway demands. So it does begin to look as if we must turn to other means for getting the new aircraft off the ground.

The means so far proposed include the Mayo Composite aircraft, refuelling in the air, rockets, catapults, power-driven trolleys and the "electropult" which the United States Navy has been playing about with recently.

I have always been a believer in the Mayo Composite aircraft. It proved itself by setting up a record long ago. There has never been any really solid argument against it except that it looks very strange to see two aircraft joined together as one, doing a take-off. But the take-off distance is short and the whole operation is comparatively safe.

At the moment, however, the trend is in favour of flight refuelling. And it is without doubt a practical method. Difficulties might arise when flying in instrument conditions but, apart from that, the whole process is now fairly well under control. Rockets are all right except for the high *g* to which passengers must be subjected. I do not know what the *g* readings are with rocket assisted take-off, but with catapults there is too much of a jolt for the ordinary air line passenger.

Anyhow let it be hoped that some kind of assisted take-off becomes general if only to break the vicious circle of aerodrome expansion.



Wing Commander Charles Winn, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Miss Susan Bailey who were married in London recently. The bride was formerly an air hostess on the British South American Airways and met Wing Commander Winn on one of her trips

Samopomoc Lotnicza

I WANT to give a word of praise to the Polish Air Force Association. The President is Group Captain W. Makowski, the Chairman of the Executive Committee Group Captain C. Korbut and the Hon. Secretary Wing Commander R. Czerniawski. On the Honorary Committee are Lord Trenchard and Lady Portal, the chairwoman being Princess Radziwill.

Many Polish airmen find themselves facing the problem of a new life in a strange country, and the chief aim of the Association is to prevent its members from becoming a liability to the State in which they may find themselves. The organization is strictly non-political, and purely voluntary. Membership is open to all Poles who have served in the Air Force or been connected with it.

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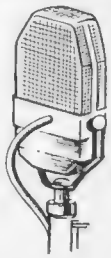
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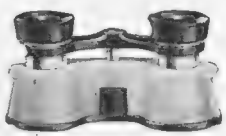
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C'EST LA PAIX

"Ah, m'sieur le capitaine, it is so good to see you back. England, she has been kind to her soldiers?"

"I have a hearth and home, Pierre — and next year we get coal for the hearth."

"We hear many rumours, m'sieur. The food, it is . . .?"

"Utilitarian but adequate. You forget the Anglo-Saxon powers of digestion, mon ami."

"And in the cellar, you have . . .?"

"One bottle of Algerian wine, one empty Rose's, and dry rot."

"Ah, m'sieur, England she has no Rose's now?"

"This winter of our discontent is purely temporary, Pierre—soon it will be spring again."

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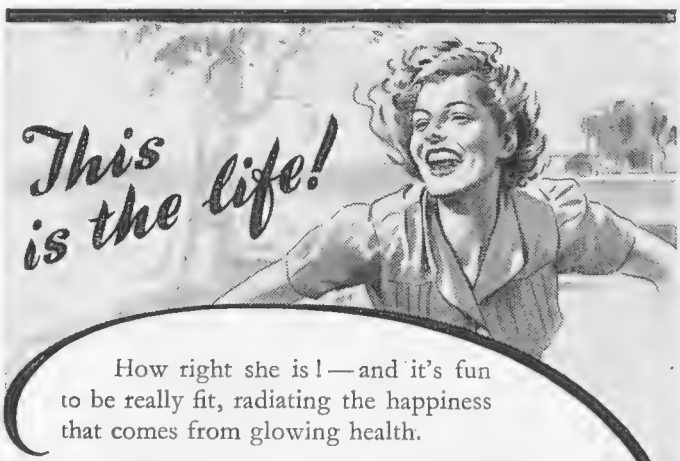
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ah! oh!
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ORANGE JUICE



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Now! Ask for SOLO
BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE
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GIN

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SOLE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS PEDLAR BRAND SLOE GIN



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Over 100 years' reputation for quality
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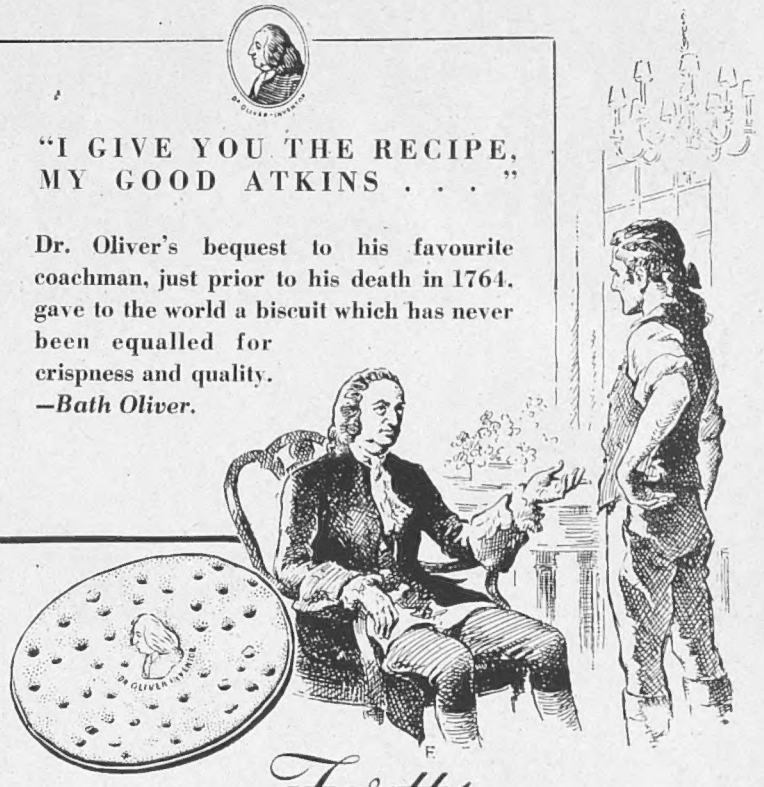


Cricket has long been associated with the inn; but never more conspicuously than at Hambledon, which in its day played and won matches against all England. Founded in 1750, its ground was on Broad-Halfpenny Down, where Richard Nyren kept the "Bat and Ball" inn, and where his son John became one of the early giants. He recorded that although there was a "lodge" on the field "for the convenience of members", the "Bat and Ball", looking across the road, was "the true club-house". For many another village team, a pub has been "the true club-house". It is difficult to think of two institutions more truly English than cricket and the country inn!

Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake

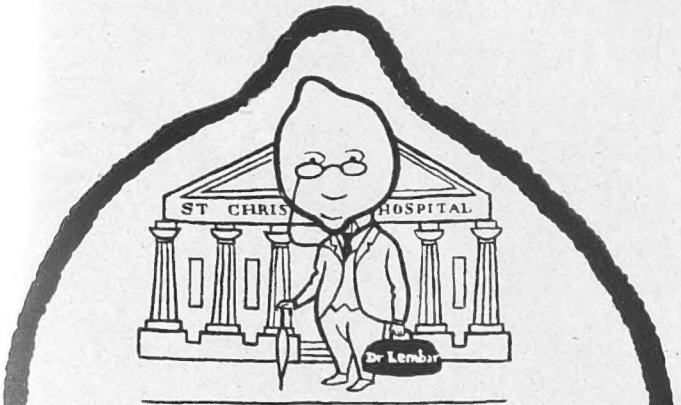
"I GIVE YOU THE RECIPE, MY GOOD ATKINS . . ."

Dr. Oliver's bequest to his favourite coachman, just prior to his death in 1764, gave to the world a biscuit which has never been equalled for crispness and quality.
—*Bath Oliver.*



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ORIGINAL
BATH OLIVER
BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V



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Much as we should like to encourage the hale, hearty and thirsty, we must ask them (as usual) to resign Lembar to people suffering the discomforts of 'flu, biliousness or acidosis. Lembar's good ingredients — pure lemon juice, barley, glucose and cane sugar — should be used only medicinally at present — so fill your glass with something else and drink to better times.

RAYNER'S *medicinal*
Lembar
Available in limited quantities

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Nature revolves—Night follows day, season succeeds season, until the end of the year completes the cycle of events. Then the whole sequence revolves once more — like a continuous cinema performance with the programme repeated. But man advances. He is always searching for something new, coaxing secrets from the earth, the sea and the sky. Man cannot remain still if he is to progress — nor can a great industrial undertaking like British Celanese Ltd. Unsurpassed as are the achievements of British Celanese Limited, experience has taught them that by constant research, tomorrow may disclose a new method that will give even greater technical excellence to their products. By believing in the advancement of man, and by rejecting the good for the better, British Celanese Limited will always render the nation indispensable service.

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